[Vol. 1] THE [No. 17.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

"*Man, on the dubious waves of error toss'd,*
"*His ship half founder'd, and his compass lost,*
"*Sees, far as human optics may command,*
"*A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land.*" COWPER.

The pious and elegant poet, Cowper, whom the classical editor of the ort Folio has fancifully styled *the modern Isaiah*, here beautifully describes e effect of error on the human heart. The simile of comparing man (un- r the influence of error) to a ship, "half foundered," and without the means f determining the path through the trackless ocean to her destined haven, peculiarly apt and striking. The effect of error on mankind is always ngerous—often times fatal. It is of the greatest consequence, therefore, at our minds should at all times he open to truth, and that we should care- lly and diligently examine and "prove all things," that we may "hold fast at which is good."

There are some, however, so lost to reason, so lost to the generous and no- e feelings of humanity, as to disregard the sacred principles of truth, and nture their barque, already shattered and leaky, on the devious, unstable, d boisterous ocean of error; who steer by the compass of sophistry, and k being shipwrecked on the quick-sands of delusion. These turn a deaf r to the voice of truth, and pay but little attention to its salutary admoni- ons.

The progress of error on the human mind is by slow gradations. It im- rceptibly makes its approaches; its gradual approximation but very lit- alarms us, and ere we perceive the infatuation, we are completely under baleful influences. Distracted by a thousand conflicting opinions—torn by e whirlwind of our passions, we hurry on, unmindful of consequences, big th portending evil.

Not so the man who is under the guidance of truth. Accustomed to view ings as they really are, he sails pleasantly down the current of time, placid d serene as the smooth surface of the unruffled pool, secure from the tem- st of contending passions, until he is safely landed in the "haven of eternal icity." HIRAM.

Washington Street, April 23, 1806.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON PRIDE.

That the idea of pride may be limited, and distinctly known, and that it may not be confounded with a very noble and respectable quality, I shall endeavor to describe a rational and manly spirit, which, for the honor of our religion, I should be sorry to think inconsistent with Christianity.

So unequally are wealth and power distributed round the world, and our prejudices are so many and so strong, that this rational and manly spirit is too often not very well received, even by the sensible and the liberal, from whom it should always meet with the most hospitable reception. Two sorts of men are its declared foes—they never fail to pronounce it pride. But their censure is praise.—I mean those who are actually proud themselves, and those who are grossly ignorant.

The man of this generous and independent mind, pays respect to persons of rank and to those who are in public office, in proportion as the office or rank is respectable. This he does as a good citizen of the community to which he belongs, and from his love of the order and harmony of society—but he will never prostitute, to mean office or title, the respect of the heart; and when a person of a frank and open character pays homage to any man, an eye of common discernment will easily perceive whether or not the impulse of his heart animates the form of his homage. The possessor of a nabob's wealth, considered merely as an enormously rich man, commands his deference from him, if he is but a very private gentleman with poor income he will converse with this man of overgrown fortune, only on equal terms; he will not punctiliously give him precedence; he will not soothe him with one hypocritical smile; he will not ascent to every thing he says; he will not listen with a patient ear, and with a face apparently attentive and anxious, to his fluent insipidity, and accept it for athenian wit. Yet the rich man, to whom he thus properly behaves, may think him insufferably proud, and in all probability his friends think him a fit subject for a mad-house.

A person of the firm and honorable character which I am describing, behaves to his superiors with an easy and significant respect—to his equals with an engaging politeness, a politeness less directed by the mechanical forms of the world than by a good heart and good sense—and to his inferiors with a sincere and active humanity.

It is the sullen pleasure of the proud man to insult and oppress those who have less power than himself. The man of a rational and manly spirit, cannot give pain to the weak and the helpless without stabbing his own heart. The pride which God disapproves cringes to titles and enormous wealth. Laudable spirit is most resolute and inflexible in repelling any attack on its rights when the invasion is made by formidable power. To this resistance it is urged by uncommon ardor, to guard itself from oppression—to check the dangerous encroachments of the great—and to maintain, as far as in its power, what should be sacred, the natural equality of mankind.

Though the characters of the proud man, and the man of a generous and noble spirit, are often confounded by the proud and by the vulgar, yet there is the same difference between them that there is between justice and injustice—courage and cowardice—vice and virtue. ATTICUS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

PYRANDAR.....A FRAGMENT.

PYRANDAR, a swain of the east, returning from a visit paid to Miss L— lost his road in a grove through which he had to pass, belonging to Charles ——. The night was serene and clear, and a harmonious concert was held by the sweet chauntings of the nightingale; but at his entrance to the grove, bright Cynthia sunk beneath a cloud of the darkest hue, and the stars became overpowered and invisible, from whence proceeded a heavy shower of rain, accompanied by loud peals of thunder; the lightening at the same time seemed to blaze with unquenchable rage. The sweet enchantment of the wood was now hushed into silence, and all the trees began to

their tender boughs with such fury that Æolus might well be said to be passing over their happy stalks or stems. This scene of horror terrified him so much as to deprive him of his natural reason. When he had recovered a little, being now in a strange place, and his cloaths being steeped with the late rain, he laid himself down under a large yew-tree, not being able to discover the path he had to go, or the road he had so lately come.

Being overwhelmed with cold and grief, sleep refused her aid, nor would she in the least suffer him to close his weary eyes; he therefore rose from his leafy couch, and endeavored to force his way through, but met with strong resentment from tall brambles and other obstructions. At length he perceived a tract of long moss which led him to a square, where nature had displayed her art in decorating it with flowers of all sorts, in the midst of which stood a bower of interwoven jessamine and woodbine, both in full bloom, which he soon entered, and saw, as he thought, the beams of the grand luminary once more dart forth through the trees. But how great was his astonishment when he saw it approach nearer the bower, and on a sudden stop before him in the form of a nymph, holding in one hand a book which seemed to be of pure gold, open, and with the other pointing at the words "*virtue lost.*"—She still approached him, and stedfastly gazed upon him—when he in a low accent of voice, demanded who she was, and whither she was going? "Know then, (said she) I am the dæmon of the injured Matilda, directed by the all-wise Creator to torment and pronounce judgment and death upon you, O vilest of men! for 'twas you who was the cause of my worldly shame and fatal exit." A cold sweat now ran over his benumbed limbs: he spoke with terror, and on his face was painted fear—horror dwelt upon his countenance. She disappears—when he spoke to the following purpose: "Ah! cursed that I am—what tortures do I now feel! miserable have I ever been since I destroyed the once loveliest of human beings." "Ah! infernal Pyrandar," he heard uttered in a melancholy tone. The sweat again ran over his stiffened body. "O anguish insupportable! my grief is inexpressible! my crime without remedy! I fly—ah whither fly!" He endeavors to raise his head from the cold ground. The spectre again appeared. He hid his face, but could not free his imagination; she once more looked up and saw the lively appearance of Matilda, as when she doated on Pyrandar—

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

—Ah, whither shall I go, said he, that my soul may find rest? No sooner was this sentence uttered, than a loud clap of thunder was heard—the air became more cold, and the clouds more black and dismal—the briny tears flowed in plenty down his wan cheek. "Ah! treacherous youth, (cried she) fly, fly from my presence—yet I conjure thee to wander in this grove, weary and restless, as a judgment upon thee, until thy breath be stopped, and thy blood run cold." She disappeared. His breath was nearly exhausted, and his blood began to chill—he heaved a deep sigh—his groans were great and many—the pale lamp of heaven began to shine with its usual lustre—but he breathed no more. * * * * *

H. HOPEWELL.

SELECTIONS FOR THE VISITANT.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

"Two are better than One."

This is Solomon's theory and I like it! his practice was rather too extensive, for in his luxurious palace seven hundred concubines were better than one—Whether the women of Jerusalem were of more manageable materials than modern females I am at a loss, for Josephus, whose works I have turned over to gain information on this knotty point, says nothing of the matter. However, I am inclined to think Solomon made his domestic arrangements soon after he "planted vineyards." Had he chosen a soberer moment, he would not have told the most confidentail of his eunuchs that seven hundred expensive wives, and three hundred capricious concubines were better

than one.—Why the revenues of gold paved Jerusalem, or the bagnios of its suburbs, could not have furnished robes for the married dames, nor rakes, for the free! Men, sage like Solomon, are generally moderate in their arithmetic of pleasures. But this was too bold a sum in multiplication even for a polygamist to work.

In all probabilty, Solomon, though all the oriental writers expatiate upon his resources, found his stock too scanty for the many and great claims which "the daughters of Jerusalem" must have made. For late in life, when the "pitcher" was broken, and the "silver cord" of love loosed, and his "desires failed," we find him gravely composing a sententious proverb in praise of sociability and reducing a thousand companions to one. His reasons too are not drawn as they would have been, when he formed his Seraglio, from utility. For he that supports his opinion by arguing, in the context that "two are better than one," because in difficulty, or in battle they mutually assist, or bedded in a frosty night they keep each other warm.

Although, in remarking upon Solomon's voluptuousness, I have been moved from my natural gravity as a Preacher, yet let not the wanton reader construe my sermon into a satire upon the sage Prince.—After animadverting upon the excess of his practice it is my intention to echo the benevolence and utility of his scocial principle.

"Two are better than one." Dr. Franklin thought so, when he recommended early marriages. As I am of singular continence myself, I know nothing of the matter, but St. Paul, an apostle of experience tells bachelor and virgin christians, that it is better to marry than burn. If they feel this heat therefore let them quench it in legal couples and choose for the wedding ring posy "Two are better than one." My physician tells me that in these degenerate days, when illicit love is common, early marriage is favourable to health; the philosophers affirm that it is so to morals. The Preacher therefore concludes that "two are better than one" applied to matrimony is a precept productive of happiness, and that a young man, who will reject all the concubines and six hundred and ninety nine of the wives which Solomon thought necessary, may be pronounced wiser, as it respects women, than that Prince.

In the dark ages, as they were justly stiled, devotional men tho't that St. Peter, the Porter of Heaven's wicket, would not open it, but to one at a time. Accordingly monks and hermits would wander, or reside solitary in deserts and caves, and insist that an error had crept into the Proverbs, and that Solomon certainly wrote 'One is better than two.' This was a vile interpretation; and if they had meditated their bibles well they would have discovered that the founder of their religion was never so happy, as when "much people" surrounded him, and that the Apostles chose companions in their travel: The one sat socially at a wedding supper, and the others resorted to the temples, the town hall, and the market place.

I grieve to see a melancholy man moping in the chimney corner, refusing to "eat bread," and when the social cup goes round, unwilling to pledge a bumper.—Trust me, thou son of spleen, happiness is doubled by participation. Arise therefore, and be, even as this publican, be social, be merry, go to the doors of thy tent, and if thou seest a man of undestanding pass by, intreat him with a "turn in hither, I beseech thee." So shall the "evil spriit" flee, as of yore, from the harp of the shepherd, and all the cares of thy heart be lulled by the pleasant communion of a friend.

THE LAY PREACHER.

ON LYING.

To be a liar is a striking mark of a coward—for every man would speak truth if he durst. To be a liar is an evident token of a fool—for every wise man will speak truth. To be a liar is an infallible proof of a knave—for every honest man must speak truth.

Now if any thing can constitute the baseness of a character, it must be the combination of *cowardice*, *folly* and *knavery*; which are three of the worst qualities that can exist in common connexion. In nothing, however, is the baseness of this vice more apparent than in this—that to every mortal the

appellation of a liar is the most disgustful. How inexpressibly base then, must be the thing itself, when the very image of it is so shocking!

A lie is a weak thing—it always wants another to support it. A lie is an imprudent thing—for it often disappoints itself. A lie is a destructive thing thing—for it at once stifles the voice, and relaxes the energy of counten nce. Base indeed must be the compound, of which *weakness worthlessness* and, *imprudence* are the sole ingredients.

To lie meanly is very pitiful: to lie dexterously is very difficult: it requires a retentive memory, and a bad conscience. A good invention to tell a fashionable and plausible lie; a good memory to prevent contradiction; a bad conscience to prevent remorse—and every liar must have the last: God be thanked, few liars have the second—a comfortable considertion indeed; for if these three qualities (a dangerous assemblage) should all centre in the same bosom, the consequence to society would be so fatal, that if the infernal ghosts were to embody themselves, and commence inhabitance on earth, their influence would be more propitious to the welfare of the world than the dark designs of men who have given themselves up to dissimulation and falsehood. Take a view of this vice in its various obliquities, and behold the infamy. Consider fraud—what is it? How base to trepan the honest simplicilty of your neinghbours! to lay schemes for their destruction, and in wily silence to disturb the peace and quiet of mankind! Consider hypocrisy —what is it? How vile, how mean, to have the face of a friend, and the heart of an enemy! the profession of a saint, and the temper of a devil! to entice with a smile—to betray with a kiss! Consider flattery—what is it? How absurd, how servile, to adorn the foibles of mankind with the colours of the rainbow! and to superficial virtue with borrowed charms! In other respects, we only deceive men; but in this, we excite men to deceive themselves; intoxicate their minds with ridiculous ideas of their own significancy; blow up the swelling sails of pride, and induce them to throw off the garment of humility, which is the most becoming mortals can wear.

Such a horrid monster is this vice, in all its shapes, that it needs only to be seen that it may be hated—only to be discovered, that it may be detested. What a detestable wretch, then, is a *liar!* Suspected by all—despised by the good—the contempt of the bad—a coward through life—and a monster in death.

The end of oratory is to persuade, of poetry, to please, and of history, to instruct by the recital of true events. The style of each must be adapted to produce the intended pupose, not only of the writer of any particular oration, poem, or history, but of oratory, poetry, and history in general. Any composition arrogating either of these names, but assuming ornaments foreign to its nature, is faulty. It may be popular from fashion, personal influence, and caprice, but it will not descend to posterity; because it is inconsistent with those rules, which have been long universally established, and which, for this reason, have been established, because they were found agreeable to the constitution of the human mind, and best fitted to produce on it a powerful and genuine effect.

The diction of oratory should be nervous, pointed, impetuous, and adorned with every embellishment which rhetoric has invented. Poetry admits a style made up of graces. Every ornament, natural and artifical, may find a place in it. But it is not so with history: for the purpose of history is truth, and truth requires no more than to be fairly, openly, and unaffectedly exhibited. If then the embellishments appropriated to poetry and eloquence are borrowed by the historian, though his work may delight a vitiated taste, he must not be recommended as a model. History should indeed possess a dignity; but it should arise, like the masjestic dignity of Grecian architecture, from the simplicity of its ornaments. [KNOX.

The snake, though tropid with cold, does not lose its venom; the tooth of the viper is not broke, though cold binds its mouth; have pity for her, and she will show thee her spirit: warm her in thy bosom, she will reward thee with death.

[The following Elegy was written soon after the death of Gen. WASHINGTON, by JOSEPH STORY, Esq. and was printed with an Eulogy delivered by him on that occasion. It has since, however, received many corrections and emendations from the author.]

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF *GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.*

To lull the sighs of deep, unuttered woe,
To twine immortal wreaths round honor's head,
Wake to heroic deeds ambition's glow,
And call instruction from the storied dead ;

For these the Muse directs her powers sublime,
Bids vestal incense round her altars burn,
Rolls back the darkling folds of elder time,
"And lures oblivion from the warrior's urn."

Nor let the proud with momentary joy
Deem, what the muse records, an empty name,
Since venal votaries stain her high employ,
Fir'd with unhallowed thirst of guilty fame.

Though many a bard, seduc'd from virtue's cause,
The murderous tyrant crown with withering bays,
Or seek from servile crowds a vain applause
By suppliant meanness and polluted praise :

There are, whom genius owns its favorite sons,
Unaw'd by station and by gold unbought,
In whom the blood of independence runs,
And truth and reason guide the zeal of thought.

And such, when, conquered by the arm of fate,
Expire the wise, the patriot, and the brave,
Shall hymn the heart-felt dirge in funeral state,
And rear a trophy o'er their sacred grave.

Nor deem it rash, when wrapt in silent gloom,
A nation's tears bedew its savior's hearse,
The humblest minstrel dares his lyre assume,
And pour in grief a tributary verse.

Nor would he deign, how small soe'er the claim,
To sweep one accent from the fitful strings,
Had slaughtered millions pav'd the path of fame
For him, whose greatness clouds the host of kings.

For what were they, by wild ambition led,
Whose hands the fiery bolts of carnage hurl'd ?
Whose plundering avarice robb'd the guiltless dead ?
What, but the butchers of the bleeding world ?—

No—they alone deserve the spotless meed,
Whose liberal souls nor soil, nor time enslave,
Who feel in victory's arms the conqueror bleed,
And e'en in triumph mourn the martyr'd brave.

Let royal pride contend for lawless power,
And build his glory on the crimes of man,
Exulting rule, the tyrant of an hour,
And blot eternal life to grasp a span !

Well suit such mean exploits the vulgar minds,
Whom honour warms not with her moving fires,
Impartail time shall leave them, as he finds,
The cool, detested slaves of base desires.

But they, who strong dominion o'er the sage
No force but reason, none but reverence, ties,
Who think, who act, who feel, for every age,
And fame and granduer, less than virtue, prize,

Their worth survives them :—from the slumbering clay
The gallant Free their rescued deeds shall raise,
Shall waft beyond the flight of trackless day
Their splendid triumph, their unsullied praise.

And such was WASHINGTON. His generous breast
No narrow views of interest e'er confin'd !
No partail claims of sordid life represt
The expansive wish, that flow'd for all mankind.

Train'd to the toils of war, 'twas his to brave
In youth the perils of the hardy field ;
In fierce defeat the fainting arm to save,
And awe the victor, when were fame to yield.

These give the common hero sweet renown,
Bought by the price of many a tedious year ;
E'en though he bleed to please a treacherous crown,
Or thrive his laurels on the orphan's tear.

But nobler aims our patriot Sire impell'd,
Warm'd with untrembling love and public zeal,
His daring soul sublimer passions swell'd,
And urg'd with fix'd resolve his country's weal.

No hesitation check'd his bright career,
No dubious impulse flatter'd or betray'd ;
His heart, unbrib'd by eloquence or fear,
What heaven, what nature dictates, still obey'd.

'Twas life, 'twas freedom, nerv'd his struggling breast,
Those social rights, the source of every joy,
Those rights, by age and climate unopprest,
No force can alter, and no law destroy.

Fam'd in the council, in the war-camp first,
The dangerous paths of envied state he trod,
Condens'd the battle, ere its thunders burst,
And mov'd the Avenger of his country's God.

No common peril mark'd the vast design
To raise an empire uncontrol'd and blest,
When hostile myriads swept the Union's line,
And victory's eagle perch'd on Albion's crest.

With dauntless front the matchless Leader strode,
Though clouded horrors veil'd the desert way ;
In vain disease on poison'd sunbeams flow'd,
In vain the icebolt froze the shivering day.

Through burning wastes, through vales of blood-track'd snows,
Cheer'd by his voice the rustic squadrons sped,
Though death in front, in rear pale sickness rose,
And frantic famine revell'd on the dead.

Nor mean the toil, as ye, whose war-worn feet
Have forc'd the bleeding march, can well attest,
Nor mean the toil to conquer by retreat,
And quell the murmur of the brave distrest.

Buoy'd o'er the storm, yet onward press'd the Chief,
Grew with defeat and strengthened with despair,
His words of kindness staunch'd the wounds of grief,
His smiles of feeling quench'd the sighs of care.

Transcendant deeds! Nor shall inglorious fade
The civic wreath, that grac'd the peaceful sage,
Whose welcome rule a grateful empire sway'd,
And bade the arts succeed the battle's rage.

Erewhile where forests cloth'd the virgin tide,
Enlightened commerce floats its freighted sail;
The crowded city towers in lofty pride,
And joy and plenty crown the cultur'd vale.

And shall Columbia's sons forget to mourn,
Mid these lov'd scenes her Hero dwells no more,
When each succeeding year's unwish'd return
Tells the deep loss, it never can restore?

Ah no!—while time recounts the immortal theme
Through future worlds with eloquence so sweet,
Full many a tear shall swim adown the stream,
That gently murmurs near the Warrior's feet.

Full oft the veteran's tale, from sire to son
With holiest faith convey'd, his fame shall speak,
Shall teach the listening youth 'how fields are won,'
And warm the fresh tear on the infant's cheek:

Full oft the votive hymn of praise shall rise,
High mid the heavens the letter'd marble glow,
To paint his deeds sublime in history's eyes,
And tell admiring worlds a nation's woe.

Feat of Agility—The following feat of agility was performed at Greenwich on Monday last, in the presence of a concourse of spectators.—A gentleman engaged to hop, on the same leg, sixty yards, in twenty hops, equal to three yards each hop, which he performed by exceeding the whole distance a yard and a half. The bet was $500, and the fortunate performer, we understand, was Mr. Young, of the Theatre. [*N. Y. paper.*

Quere.—Is not Mr. Young a Member of the Ancient and Honorable Roustigouche Society?

MARRIAGES.

Lately at White Plains, Mr. Isaac Valentine, aged 80 years, to the amiable Miss Fredenburgh, aged 18.

In Boston Mr. Sylvanus Gray, merchant, to Miss Abigail-Hinkley Lee.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Briggs, to Miss Sarah Hobbs.

DEATHS.

In Boston, Mr. John Hunter Hogg, printer, æt. 27.

In Danvers, Mrs. Betsey Reed, wife of Mr. Benjaman Reed, æt. 28.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The essay on Fashion will appear when we receive the remainder of it.

"A.C.R. is inadmissable" for more reasons than one—but we deem it unecessary to trouble our readers with them.

PUBLISHED BY HAVEN POOL.

COMMUNICATIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

Blanks, Cards, Advertisements, Shopbills, &c. printed at short notice.